



THE HERALDING
Angel.



THE

HERALDING

ANGEL.

Anne C. McQueen



T22359
.M62 H6

COPYRIGHT 1888.
HARD & PARSONS,
NEW YORK.

AN Angel rose from the heavens .
Fairer than morning light;
The radiance of her coming
Dispelled the clouds of night.
Her brow was calm and holy,
And peace was in her face;
The bright wings in their passing .
Left many a lustrous trace.

S
OFT clouds parted for her;
Morning stars sang sweet;
Rough winds ceased, and rested
Becalmed, beneath her feet.
And hushed in happy silence
The listening air around,
Expectant of the voice divine,
Stilled each recurring sound.

THEN through all the heavens

Rang out that wondrous voice,

“Glad tidings! Unto you is born

A Heavenly King. Rejoice!

’Wake, Earth, to hail your Saviour

With holy love, and fear.

The promised one is given;

The Son of God is here.”

FAR over hill and valley,
The stirring notes were borne;
As the strains of triumph echoed
In the early light of morn.
The herald of love and mercy
Sped on her gladsome way;
And dawned on a world rejoicing,
The glorious Christmas day.

ANNIE C. McQUEEN.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 016 165 258 1